Demet. *Chiron* thy yeres wants wit, thy wit wants edge
And manners to intrude where I am grac'd,
And may for ought thou knowest affected be.
Chiron. *Demetrius*, thou doost ouerweene in all,
And so in this, to beare me downe with braues,
Tis not the difference of a yere or two
Makes me lesse gracious, or thee more fortunate:
I am as able, and as fit as thou,
To serue, and to deserue my Mistris grace,
And that my sword vpon thee shall approue,
And plead my passions for *Lauinias* loue.
Moore Clubs, clubs, these louers will not keep the peace.
Deme. Why boy, although our mother (vnaduizd)
Gaue you a daunsing rapier by your side,
Are you so desprat growne to threat your friends?
Goe too: haue your lath glued within your sheath,
Till you know better how to handle it.
Chiron. Meane while sir, with the little skill I haue,
Full well shalt thou perceiue how much I dare.
Demet. I boy, grow ye so braue? *they draw.*
Aron. Why how now Lords?
So neere the Emperours pallace dare you draw,
And maintaine such a quarrell openly?
Full well I wote, the ground of all this grudge,
I would not for a million of gold,
The cause were knowne to them it most concernes.
Nor would your noble mother for much more
Be so dishonored in the Court of Rome.
For shame put vp.
Demet. Not I, till I haue sheathd
My rapier in his bosome, and withall
Thrust these reprochfull speeches downe his throat,
That he hath breathd in my dishonour heere.
Chiron. For that I am prepard, and full resolude,

Foule

Foule spoken Coward, that thun
And with thy weapon nothing d
Moore. Away I say.
Now by the Gods that warlike
This petty brabble will vndoo
Why Lords, and thinke you not
It is to iet vpon a Princes right?
What is *Lauinia* then become so
Or *Bassianus* so degenerate,
That for her loue such quarrels
Without controulement, iustic
Young Lords beware, and shoul
This discords ground, the music
Chiron. I care not I, knew sh
I loue *Lauinia* more then all the
Demet. Youngling learne tho
Lauinia is thine elder brothers h
Moore. Why are ye mad? or
How furious and impatient the
And cannot brooke competito
I tell you Lords, you doe but pl
By this deuise.
Chiron. *Aron*, A thousand de
To atchieue her whome I do lo
Aron. To atchieue her, how
Demetri. Why, makes thou i
Shee is a woman, therefore may
Shee is a woman, therefore may
Shee is *Lauinia* therefore must b
What man, more water glideth
Then wots the Miller of, and ea
Of a cut loafe to steale a shiue
Though *Bassianus* be the Emp
Better then he haue worne *Vul*

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